The Liberalist

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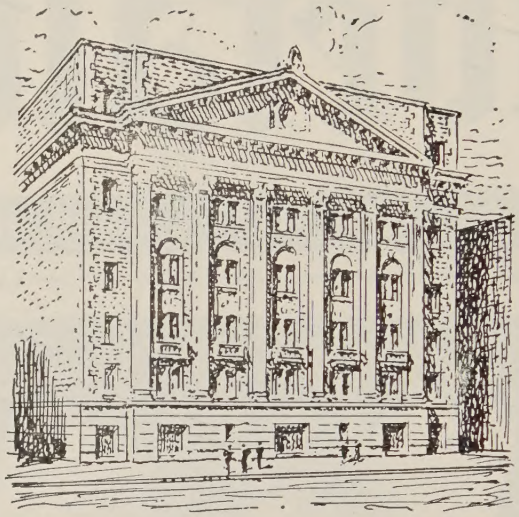
Look at a branch, a bird, a child, a rose,
Or anything God ever made that grows—
Nor let the smallest vision of it slip,
Till you may read, as on Belshazzar's wall,
The glory of eternal partnership.

Edwin Arlington Robinson



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, 5th January.

WHAT a sturdy ship the "Alcoa Cavalier" is! Ever since we entered the Gulf of Mexico yesterday we have been in what our Captain says is the worst storm he has ever been through in the Gulf of Mexico! All night long and all day today we have been in the aftermath of the storm which hit the Florida Coast. We had very little sleep last night and were awake much of the time, but fortunately we are both good sailors and neither one has been in any way inconvenienced by this unusual sea. There is a majesty about the sea and it never displays its power and strength and beauty as it does in a storm. At nine o'clock we went down to breakfast, but very few passengers were there.

I had been invited this morning to conduct services on the ship and to preach the sermon, but the Captain has cancelled the services because of the sea. The passengers are finding it difficult to go about the ship and most everyone is confined to their stateroom. At 11 o'clock this morning both of us thought of the opening strains of our processional at home in our own church, and we spent the whole hour sharing, across the miles of sea and land, our thoughts with our own beloved church.

This afternoon we both went to the bridge and watched the ship meet the onslaught of tumultuous waves. We have a good cargo which holds the ship down and she rides the sea majestically. We went in for a light lunch and then tried to walk the deck, but this was impossible so we went back to our stateroom and read, falling asleep intermittently. Tonight the sea is still heavy and gives no evidence of quieting down. We are off Cape Antonio on the Cuban coast but we did not see the light. Tonight we are in the Caribbean. There has been a change in temperature. It is now almost 70 degrees. Have seen very few passengers today and was informed by the doctor that there are many who are ill.

Monday, 6th January

Up early, as always. Early morning at sea is the most interesting part of the whole day. To stand on the bow and watch the dawn is an experience which is good for the soul, and in this latitude there is very little dawn. It is dark, and then light, just as there is very little sunset.

We had a fairly good night, but the ship rolled all night long. This morning it is pitching instead of rolling. After breakfast I went on deck and sat in the sun, where I could watch the sea. The blue Caribbean is one of the loveliest bodies of water on earth.

The morning was spent lazily and after lunch we went back to the deck chairs. It is very warm today and I am wondering what the weather is like at home.

Flying fish have always interested me. I have been watching them a long time this afternoon. Later this afternoon the sea began to settle down and it looks now as though we were over the worst of it. By dinner time the ship was resuming normal life and many people whom we had not seen came into the dining room.

We are seated with the chief engineer, a fine and interesting Norwegian gentleman by the name of Bakkena. Like all men who follow the sea he has had many interesting experiences. He

was born in Norway and has been at sea most of his life. We shared many experiences and he was particularly interested in our recent Norwegian visit. He lives in New Orleans and I am sure is going to be a most pleasant table companion.

After dinner we went way aft and watched the stars and the sea, then to our room. We are tired tonight because even though we love the storm and the motion of the ship doesn't annoy or disturb us, there are certain tensions which are inevitable. Tonight the ship is riding smoothly, and after a good night's sleep we hope to be up early as we enter the interesting harbor of Kingston, Jamaica.

Tuesday, 7th January

I was up at five o'clock this morning and it was pitch black, but in the distance one could see the lights of Kingston Harbor and once again I saw the dawn come quickly and ripen into broad daylight in a matter of minutes.

The entrance into Kingston is one of the most interesting approaches of any harbor I know. It is necessary to go about a long point of land called Port Royal, where is located Fort Charles, then turning that point you turn back again to the pier at Kingston. The harbor and the city are familiar to us and I always receive a certain pleasant reaction in re-visiting places which I have already known.

On the pier we engaged a car for our visit in Jamaica and were fortunate in the driver—a very fine, well educated, courteous man, who has a daughter living in Chicago. I promised him we would look her up on our return.

We spent the entire day driving about Kingston and the environs, every moment of which was interesting and unusual. The picturesque mountains, the farms and countryside, the residences, the University College of the West Indies, one of the fine educational institutions in this part of the world, where students attend from all over the West Indies; then to the justly famous Myrtle Bank Hotel.

In the afternoon we went out to Port Royal, where are located the training schools for the constabulary and the officers of Jamaica. These men are carefully selected and we watched them drilling and performing their preparatory duties for law enforcement on the Island. They are fine representatives of the people of Jamaica and compare favorably with law enforcement personnel anywhere.

I had an interesting experience as I was leaving the grounds. I saw coming toward me an officer, carrying a swagger stick and in the uniform of the constabulary officer. I asked one of the men who it was, and he said, "He is the Commandant." I said I would like to meet him. He said it would be perfectly alright to speak to him. I introduced myself and he said, "Well, Dr. Bradley, what are you doing here?" I said, "Do you know me?" and he said, "I certainly do. I married an Evanston girl. I taught in the Northwestern University Traffic School, and I spoke with you at a banquet one time in Burlington, Wisconsin. It was a Chamber of Commerce dinner, and I was a guest." Well, I took him out to the car and introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Bradley, and he was insistent that we return to his home for tea. He comes from Essex, England, and was very gracious to us. I regretted exceedingly that it was impossible for us to tarry longer, but we are going to meet again one of these days. We wanted to be back to the ship by five o'clock this afternoon, because we are sailing at 9:30.

We did not get away until about 10:15. I stayed on the forward deck

until we were at sea. I never miss the landing and departure. It was quite dark but the glittering lights added beauty to our leaving. I stayed up until we rounded a large red buoy and then I knew that we were in the Caribbean when we dropped the pilot. The sea was motionless. We left considerable of our cargo in Kingston, which has lightened the ship. I have many pleasant memories of Jamaica, and hope to return some day.

Wednesday, 8th January

The sea was unusually calm all night and I was up early. After breakfast and a good brisk walk, I settled down to read in a deck chair. I am reading "The World from Jackson Square," a fascinating story of New Orleans, chronologically arranged up to the present. This book was presented to me by Mr. Brett before we left New Orleans.

Mrs. Stone and June are enjoying the swimming pool. I haven't been in, due to the tragic blunder of leaving my bathing suit at home. I know there is no use in attempting to find one that would fit me on this ship, so my days in the pool are over before they begin.

Thursday, 9th January

Spent all day on the Island of Curacao, the Dutch island, and as you go about it you could easily think you were in Holland itself. The architecture, the people, shops, the products, the whole spirit is as I have known the people to be in Holland. It is one of the cleanest islands in the West Indies. The stores are interesting and there is merchandise available to suit almost any person's wants. The people are unusually courteous and friendly.

We went for afternoon coffee to a famous tavern, which was an experience in itself. Not being much of a coffee drinker I could not resist the delectable coffee and the choice pastries which accompanied it. It is a dissipation which I do not ordinarily permit myself, but here the temptation was too great.

Curacao has the only pontoon bridge in the world and it is a world famous sight. Our ship sailed into the harbor, the bridge, which is on pontoons, opened, and we went into the basin beyond the bridge, turned around and came back to our pier.

While we were doing the sights of Williamsted, the ship was unloading more cargo and I noticed when we boarded tonight to sail for Venezuela that she was lightened by several feet. In the event of a heavy sea this would increase her rolling, but there is no evidence that we will face that condition. We sailed for Venezuela at 9:00 o'clock tonight. Because of visiting so many ports and the distances being somewhat short in this part of the world between these ports, we are not getting to know very many of our fellow passengers. The opportunity to meet them and to know them better will probably be found on the homeward journey, when we have several days at sea. While there are not many passengers, they seem most friendly, are beginning to get acquainted with each other and in the participation of the ship's life friendships are undoubtedly being formed which will last long after the voyage is finished.

Friday, 10th January

Here we are, alongside the pier in La Guaira, Venezuela. We have been hearing about the trouble in Venezuela, but inasmuch as there are always rumors of revolutions and internal difficulties in this part of the world, they do not disturb us very much.

Again we were fortunate in La Guaira, which is the port for Caracas,

the capital of Venezuela, in the driver whom we engaged on the pier. He is well educated, born in Trinidad, but is a citizen of Venezuela and has been here about twelve years. On the way from La Guaira to Caracas I was able to engage him in conversation about the political situation in Venezuela. I think he spoke more freely, knowing that there was no possibility of what he had to say ever being used against him, and we had a very interesting conversation. After certain events which took place this very day, I am convinced that he knew a great deal more about what was happening than even he told us. He spoke perfect English, which is always an advantage in this area of the world.

The ride from La Guaira to Caracas is over the finest highway probably on this earth. It cost six million dollars a mile to build. It tunnels through mountains and goes constantly up to the capital city of Caracas.

We visited many of the historic places in the interesting and beautiful capital; and the many new housing projects which have been erected where slums existed but a few months ago. Venezuela is a country of many great contrasts. There is no middle class. You either wear mink and diamonds or you have no shoes. The history of democracy seems to substantiate the conclusion that it depends for its life on a strong middle class. An economy which does not produce a middle class is ultimately detrimental to the country. I am convinced this is basically the problem in most of the Central and South American world which is struggling with the domestic processes.

Venezuela is one of the richest of all the South American countries. The oil and boxite alone brings the government over a million and a half dollars a day, but the results of that are highly concentrated in whatever official family happens to be the administration. I could sense on our arrival in Caracas a certain definite tenseness on the part of the people. It was in the air. We went to visit the Capitol building, an ancient and an historical building in the heart of the city. It was like a beehive. We went into the Constituent Assembly. Members of that Assembly were running here and there with a great deal of activity, telephoning, sending messengers. I knew something was in the air, but I didn't realize how serious it was. Mr. and Mrs. Stone, June and I sat in the Constituent Assembly and watched them for a considerable time. I had never seen a group of men and women more tense and excited. Little did we think that while we were there all the ministers in the government were resigning, and we came out of the Capitol building to find the square filled with machine guns and tanks.

We were not molested and were undisturbed. No one even stopped us, nor were we questioned, nor did we have to show a passport. Evidently they were not interested in us, for which we were grateful. There is some anti-American sentiment in Caracas but it is insignificant. Most of the people realize how closely our two countries are associated economically. Well, we thought it was about time to get back to the ship.

While in Caracas we had lunch at Tamanaco Hotel, which is one of the most luxurious hotels I have ever seen. I had a fresh fruit salad composed of fresh pineapple and papaya the like of which I have never tasted. Here in this hotel, situated on a mountainside, terraced most attractively, with swimming pool and outside dining facilities, an

(Continued on page 11)

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

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8 p.m.

Wednesday—"Why Christ Died"
Thursday—"Meaning of Friendship"
Friday—"Meaning of Sacrifice"

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Children Dedicated—New Members Received
11:00 a.m.—"Because He Liveth"
7:00 p.m.—"Why I Believe in Immortality"

◆

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasts

WBBM—"Words and Music" every Sunday, 7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Morning Service Broadcast every Sunday, 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast every Sunday, 5:45 p.m.
WSEL—Morning Service Broadcast every Sunday, 9:00 p.m.
WGN-TV, Channel 9—Every Saturday, 10 p.m.
WEAW (105FM) "Candletime" every night except Sun., Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, 11:55 p.m.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

ON every page of human history, as far back as the record of man runs, there is conclusive evidence and undeniable proof that man has always worshipped something. From the time man first looked over his shoulder and saw his shadow and religion was born, man has been a worshiper. First it was a crooked stick of unusual form and texture; then it was a particular stone; then it was a waterfall; then, as he developed in his concept of worship, he localized his objective in the form of personalities and created gods and goddesses. He had a God of Fire and a God of Water; a Goddess of the Sun and a Goddess of Grain; and a God of Rain. Along the shorelines of human history there burns with undiminished luster the proof that the human heart is naturally a worshipping heart!

Man worships something and there isn't a person who isn't a worshipper. Something in your life means more to you than any other thing, and that thing you worship. It might be fame; or it might be power, and the God of Power has captured the mind and heart and soul of some of the greatest demons who have ever walked the face of the earth! There are those who worship money and the God of Money becomes the object of their affections and their efforts. There is nothing wrong in being devoted to the gain of money when it is not an end in itself; when it is utilized for the well-being of humanity, then it becomes a virtue and not a vice.

There has never been an hour in the history of man when he didn't dream of a better world; and Eastertime is the great affirmation moment of man's highest appreciation of his own religious worship; the continuing demonstration that the true character of our world is the character of ascendency and of progress! The fundamental inherent quality of the soul of man is a persisting awareness that goodness and truth and beauty, the eternal trinity upon which Christ stood and lived, cannot be violated by powers of materialism or of energy. In the race of destiny man caught a glimpse of the stars and he will never rest until the glimpse has been widened into a dream and the dream activated into a reality! The scientists, in their persistency to create an ever-increasing emphasis upon a materialistic basis, will learn some day that saturating their scientific achievements with the Spirit of Christ is the answer to all the problems of the world!

"THE HIGHER MEANING OF TROUBLE"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
March 9, 1958

I'M quite convinced that were I to start out with the choir and ask each member of the choir, and then come to the organist and the director and all the rest, then start over on this side and ask everybody down there, and then come back in the center section and ask all who are seated there, and then every person over on this side, all of you, and then go up to the mezzanine and go all over the mezzanine where people are seated and ask you this question, you would all give me the same answer: "Have you ever had any trouble?" And I think the answer that you would all give would be: "Yes!" I don't know anyone in my lifetime, of all the many people whom I have been privileged to know and meet in my journey along through the years, who never had any trouble. We have all had trouble! Now anything as universal as trouble must have a higher meaning, and that is in the background of my thought this morning on THE HIGHER MEANING OF TROUBLE.

One of the most fallacious as, indeed, it is the most revolting philosophy that anyone can have, is the false and erroneous idea that the "perfect" life is the life without trouble; that that constitutes the happiest life, the most effective life,—the life that has never known trouble; and one of the goals of people quite frequently, and almost universally in our living of life, is to reach the status where we will never have any trouble! Some people try to do it by the accumulation of money; some think all will be well if they can become famous; some think recognition will help; but luring us, in the background of all of our minds is the erroneous idea that if we can ever develop to that status in life where we have no anxieties, no worries, no problems, where everything is beautiful and no difficulties exist, that is the ideal state for us to reach!

I hope I am not disillusioning you too much and I hope I am not interfering with your own basic philosophy too much but, to me, that is utterly false. How often have you met someone in your lifetime about whom you have said to a friend as you saw them carrying high with life and riding on the crest of life with apparently not a worry in the world, with everything that they touched turning into gold—fortunately favored by life; never seeming to have any anxiety about anything, just bouncing and dancing through life, always on the crest of life—and how often, perhaps, have you said about them: "Well, one of these days they will get a shock! One of these days they will have something happen to them that will bring them up with a start! One of these days, out of their cloudless skies and out of the sunshine and brilliance of their life, one of these days a cold, dark cloud will appear in the horizon of their lives, one of these days!" How many times have you said that about someone? How many times have you said: "Well, what they need is a good shock! They need something to shake them up, and they'll get it some day!" That's what you said! And you have said quite rightly, because that is exactly what happens "one of these days." And, sometimes, when it does happen it is the finest disciplining in-

fluence that can ever come into a life! Sometimes, when it does happen a deeper appreciation of the problems and the difficulties and the anxieties and the cares of others dawns upon our minds as never before in our lifetime!

I have stood for many, many years in this pulpit; and I have stood by the side of family after family after family for many years that were passing through the agonizing experience of losing loved ones. I have tried to speak words that were helpful; I have tried to be inspiring, even in that hour of tribute. I have tried as best I could but, my dear friends, and this is a confession, I never knew what it meant until I lost my own! Then when into my life there came the tragedy of grief and loss, and when I knew my name would never be called again by lips that I loved and I knew that my life could never depend again upon them; then I knew something that they contributed to my life had been taken out of it forever! I shall never forget the next funeral sermon I preached after my own loss — it was different! Aye, it did something to me! Trouble—that all the success and all the recognition in this whole world could not do! Then I knew, for the first time, how to sympathize to the depths with those who had lost! And every week of my life, as I stand beside those who have made the great adventure, I see the disciplining, creative effects of trouble upon some people! Most people are never at their best until they have met successfully some kind of trouble! No one is really strong until they have had to face the resistance of overcoming a tragedy!

This idea that life was meant only to be a "song" and that we were to go to heaven on "billowy beds of ease" and that it was never meant for us to suffer, has devitalized more people than any other philosophy or theology which the mind of man has considered. I pity with my whole nature and my whole mind, I pity you if you're thinking of life only in terms of "well being"! If you've never had a heartache, you have my pity! If you have never wept, you have my pity! If you have never failed, you have my pity, for sometimes only the people who have failed understand success! If you have never sinned, I pity you, for sometimes it is only in the recovery from the violation of sin which has seared our souls that we understand the beauty of goodness and the divinity of love! I pity you if life has been easy. Only those who have found it hard and who have had conflict and sacrifice and heartache—they are the ones who understand! They are the spiritually sensitive hearts—those who have suffered! That is the history of all spiritual progress; that is the record of all spiritual vitality—from the Master on down, who found at the end a failure, tears, betrayal, lies, heartaches, until He walked straight up on the top of a hill and faced a Cross alone, deserted by all except two women, one a Magdalene and the other His mother. He sounded the full depths of the higher meaning of trouble, for it brings out all the best that's in us! You are what you are today and I am what I am today because of the way in which we have handled trouble! Not success—trouble! Not triumph — disaster! Not comedy — tragedy! Let me see how you handle that and I will appraise the quality of your character. Trouble has a higher meaning—it brings out a potential power that we never knew we had! We never dreamed what we could go through, until we had to! We never dreamed how we could weather a

storm, until it seemed our ship would sink! We never knew what we were made of, until it seemed we were made of mud and dust! That is the divine paradox of trouble! And I think of one character at the moment in the history of the world, the character of Marie Antoinette. Marie, who flirted in the degenerate courts of France! Marie, who flitted like a butterfly in the little Trianon and in Versailles, until she stood in the presence of the revolution! And when the Revolution of France swept into her soul, we saw blossoming out a true queen, for Marie Antoinette too late revealed the potential goodness of her heart, but it took a revolution of her country to reveal her beauty and her strength!

Face life shoulders up, chin up! Look at it; through it; around it and beneath it! Do not ask and do not pray to miss trouble—ask and pray to use trouble when it comes your way! And if we find ourselves harassed by the tragedies of our lives, might we see the inner strength that is always there to meet life on ever ascending planes, until we find the beauty and the compensation of it reflected in the glory of His life! And may every troubled heart where these words have gone today face life finer and better because of it!

Along The Way

(Continued from page 6)

indescribable vista, you see the contrasting conditions of the people. It was all a most interesting study to me. Afterwards we all went over to the station from which a cable car leaves to go to the Hotel Humboldt, which is a mile above sea level. I did not accompany them to this hotel, but waited for them, spending my time watching the natives and walking about. From this elevation I could see much of Caracas and enjoy much of its natural scenic beauty. Their description of their trip was rather harrowing. The Humboldt Hotel I understand is unique in this world, was built by the government, no expense was spared in creating an environment of luxury. There were not many people there and you could go over the mountain and by cable car ride back to the Port of La Guaira, which of course they did not do. We all were agreed that we would like to remain in Venezuela for a much longer time. What will be the result of the trouble which took place there today we do not know, but I am certain that the present dictator, Jiminez's days are numbered.

Saturday, 11th January.

We sailed at 1:00 a.m. for Puerta Cabello, Venezuela. We did not stay up after sailing. We were very tired. We had a very long day and it was quite hot. Nevertheless I was up early this morning and watched our arrival at Puerta Cabello. It is not an interesting place, but is surrounded by high mountains. It tapers off to a narrow, low strip of land surrounding the harbor. While I write, the ship is unloading. After breakfast we sat in the sun most of the morning and loaded our camera, and after lunch took a cab out to the hotel on the beach. Here we made some pictures and met some interesting natives. It is a very poor place, but beautiful scenery.

We came back to the ship rather early. It is very hot today and we are wondering what it is like at home. Late tonight we sailed for La Guanta.

Sunday, 12th January.

This is a beautiful port, high mountains in the background, and islands all about the entrance, large and

small. It reminded me very much of Norway. The ship slowly and cautiously came alongside the pier. It is a natural harbor, unusually scenic, and cool and refreshing trade winds are blowing, but it is hot in the sun. It is a busy port. The oil wells are about a hundred miles away and of course we shall not visit them. I had hoped that Mr. George Gairing, who is working in the oil fields, and who was brought up in our church and whose father and mother were charter members of the church, and who visited the church not long ago, would be able to come in to La Guanta to see us, but I do not know if he received the word as to when we would be here.

At 9:30 this morning we left in a bus for La Cruz and Barcelona. This was one of the most interesting days we have had. We visited the Officer's Compound House—the American officers and executives who are with the oil company. It was like a large park, with beautiful homes, functional architecture, well kept lawns. You wouldn't realize, so close to the other aspects of the locality, that such a beautiful residental situation could be created. The type of buildings is not at all in our tradition, but they belong to the country in which they are built. I was very much interested in the old Cathedral in Barcelona, the first building there, built nearly 400 years ago, and also the old Fort; which was formerly a Franciscan Monastery, and even though it was Sunday, here was no evidence of the day. I visited the Cathedral and met one of the priests, who told me that they had an afternoon mass, but there were no people in the church at all. The doors and windows were all wide open. The streets were filled and I suppose at mass the Cathedral would be, as well. But there was no indication at all of the day.

We returned to the ship in La Guanta and watched the unloading and the activity of the port. One of the fascinating experiences is to watch the diving boys, who come out on anything that will float and dive for coins thrown into the sea by the passengers from the ship's decks. They range in age from a small urchin to elderly men. They wear only one garment and their shining black bodies glisten in the sunlight. Their agility as swimmers is phenomenal. They are as much at home in the water as they are on land. They will not dive for pennies and apparently can see whether you are tossing a penny or a piece of silver as soon as it leaves your hand. As the coin touches the water half a dozen jump into the sea. I never saw a coin that was not retrieved. Sometimes they stay down an unbelievably long time, but they inevitably come up with the coin in their teeth; and there is apparently a code of ethics which they follow. There is never any quarrelling or arguing at all. We made several pictures of this event which I hope you will see sometime.

This is one of the few Sundays in my life I have not attended a service. Many times today we have thought about our church and sent good thoughts toward home.

We sailed at dusk tonight and it was a restful and beautiful experience as our ship threaded its way around the island and out into the sea, bound for the island of Trinidad.

Tuesday, 18th March

It is a long jump from January to March, but we are now in the midst of our preparation for our Holy Week and Lenten Services at the Erlanger Theatre. These are busy days for us all, but we are planning a glorious and a triumphant Easter day. I hope as you read these lines before Easter you

will plan to attend as often as you can the noonday services at the Erlanger Theatre and the evening services at the church and the three services on Easter Sunday.

I am eternally grateful for your attendance, your Easter contributions, and everything you are doing to help in the work of the church. Don't you think it would be a nice idea as an Easter gift, to subscribe to our church magazine for a friend or relative? It would bring to them every month during the year a sermon, an editorial, book chats, mail bag, and many interesting features, and we will send it to any address in the world for $2 for the year.

May your Easter be joyous and —"keep looking up!"

BOOK CHATS

DR. Bradley handed me a little blue-covered book, with the picture of a striking countenance, topped with a shock of unruly white hair, on the jacket cover. The book bore the title *Wylie Blue,* and a sub-title, The Life of Rev. A. Wylie Blue, D.D., recorded by Rev. Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst. "This is a beautiful book, Ethel. I read it at one reading. You must read it." I have just done so with deep enjoyment and appreciation—appreciation for Dr. Wylie Blue and for the excellent portrayal of his character by Dr. Frazer-Hurst.

The Right Rev. the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Prof. R. J. Wilson, M.A., B.D., wrote a foreword to the book and says of the author:

"The recorder of this life has a literary touch; he knew and loved Dr. Blue, as all did who knew him; and he has made the Doctor live again in these pages which I have read in typescript."

Dr. Frazer-Hurst, in his Introduction gives us this paragraph:

" 'Wylie Blue!' For thousands there was magic in the name, and for thousands he remains the most unforgettable character they have ever met. If you did not know him I hope you will meet him in this book, and if you knew him I am sure that you will be happy to revive your memory of his remarkable personality."

Truly I "have met him in this book," just as surely as though I had sat in May Street Church during one of his famous sermons, had met him on a street in Belfast, or coming into my own home.

In the picturesque old town of Campbeltown, Scotland, "with its beautiful surroundings, of hills, loch and sea," Wylie Blue was born. "They lived for a while in a little cottage which had been built by a great grandfather, Andrew Wylie, when he first came to the 'wee toon,' as it was affectionately called by the inhabitants." Later they moved to a house in Longrow, where Alexander Wylie Blue was born . . . then to the Broombrae district. This district we are told "holds interest for lovers of Scotland's great poet, for in it lived 'Highland Mary' from 1773 until she went into service at Lochranza, met Robert Burns, and became immortal in one of the loveliest of his poems."

The description of this sturdy Scottish family holds great interest, as does every phase of the life of Wylie Blue himself. He had an adventurous spirit

and was impulsive, as evidenced in his youth, by his offering to leave at once for America, when his mother became troubled because one of his brothers who had gone to America had failed to write home for a long time. He was allowed to go and the experience made a deep impression on him. He was to visit America eight times in later years as well as many, many other countries. The amazing thing about this trip was that it cost only the sum of six pounds, ten shillings. The author adds "The wonder is that anyone stayed at home!"

We are told that one of the dearest ambitions of a Scottish home is to have a ministerial son. This family furnished two sons for the ministry. When Alec Blue went to Glasgow University he contributed something to his own maintenance by taking temporary employment during Summer vacation. One of his temporary jobs was acting as Purser on a steamer that ran between Campbeltown and Gourock. Once he overslept and set off from Glasgow "full of alarm lest his train should arrive too late for him to catch the boat, and take up his duties on board. A college friend who had been staying with him, hit on an ingenious idea to ensure that the Purser would be found at his post when the boat sailed. He telegraphed the Captain that he must await the arrival of the Duke of Argyll! The Captain, flattered at the idea of sailing with such an important passenger on board, delayed the steamer, and watched anxiously for the arrival of the Duke. The tardy appearance of the young Purser was hardly noticed in the general excitement and he was merely asked if he had noticed any sign that the Duke was in the neighborhood. He said that he had not, and ignorant of the fact that his friend had sent the telegram he was full of interest, and quite disappointed when at last they decided to sail without the noble laird."

At the time Wylie Blue was attending Glasgow University, Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir James M. Barrie were two of the outstanding figures in contemporary Scotland. Dr. Frazer-Hurst recounts several remembrances of Barrie by Dr. Wylie Blue. We are told that while Alec Blue had all the innate Scottish reverence for learning, he chose rather for himself, the wisdom "that comes from free unfettered intercourse with human beings of all classes and conditions. To this the wonderful geniality and friendliness of his spirit naturally inclined him, and he was active in all student gatherings and social occasions." A fellow student said that he always had troops of friends. This student, the Rev. John McIntyre, heard that Alec Blue was ill in bed, and decided to call on his friend, who was "sick and lonely." He found that he was by no means lonely, "for he was surrounded by friends, sitting on chairs, and on his travelling trunk and at the end of the bed, all talking cheerfully, and the patient himself the most fluent and cheerful of the party."

Wylie Blue was always ready to "follow the gleam," and one of these gleams resulted in his forming the "Ninety-three Club," while in the University, which club has already lasted for more than half a century. The Elocution teacher, Mr. Harrower, found Alec Blue almost too good to be true, for he only needed to complete what Nature had begun and carve the lily-work on the pillar.

Dr. Frazer-Hurst pictures in words this wholly delightful personality as vividly as though he used a painter's brush. During his last year as a Divinity student Alec Blue took charge of a Mission station in Lanarkshire and

on Monday morning traveled back to Edinburgh to attend the classes. Alec was careless about time and often had to run down the brae to the station, catching the train without a moment to spare. It became the custom for the guard to patrol the platform asking "Is Blue in?" before he sent the train on its way. One morning the train was moving away as Alec arrived breathless, at the station. "The train's awa' " said the Station Master. "Ye'll bring her back," said Alec Blue. "Wull A?" said the Station Master. "Ye will," said Alec Blue. "Evidently the note of authority was in his voice, for without further waste of words, the worthy man blew his shrill whistle and summoned back the train. It slowly returned to the platform, and the Station Master opened a carriage door. 'In ye get,' he said."

On another occasion he decided on the spur of the moment to take the train to Coupar Angus to call on his fiancee. Dora Gow and her sisters were sitting late, putting finishing touches to her trousseau, when they heard the distant thunder of the night express, which did not make any stop at Coupar Angus. "There's the express," said one of the sisters. "It's time we were off to bed."

"Then a strange thing happened. The roar of the train decreased and almost died away as it came to the station. The girls looked at each other, astonished at the unusual happening. Then Dora spoke, and her voice was full of confidence, 'That'll be Alec! He's stopped the express!' In a few minutes there came a knock at the door and there stood the hero of the hour!"

It occurs to this reviewer that those who know Dr. Bradley well have perhaps already sensed avenues of similarity between Dr. Wylie Blue and Dr. Preston Bradley.

Physically Dr. Blue was tall and Dr. Bradley is short, but in many ways their lives have run parallel.

Dr. Blue had the gift of oratory; a delightful and pleasing personality; the ability to draw friends to him; he loved to travel; he loved people; his fame spread far and wide as a preacher; he loved the youth; he served on many committees for civic betterment; his mind was always hospitable to new ideas.

The author gives us many delightful anecdotes of Dr. Wylie Blue's life, and tells us of many inspiring moments in that useful and great life; of his ministry at St. George's Church, Sunderland; and in the May Street Church, Belfast; of his splendid work through the war years.

"In 1923 Dr. Blue visited the U.S.A. and preached in several large cities. He was particularly proud of the fact that although an orthodox Presbyterian he was invited to occupy the pulpit of the celebrated Dr. Channing, but this was not surprising for an excellent feature of church life in the United States is the ease with which such ecclesiastical boundaries can be crossed, and at no period of his life were Dr. Blue's sympathies confined to his own denomination."

"The passing of Dr. Wylie Blue brought forth countless tributes to his worth, and the universal expression of sympathy spoke eloquently of the high esteem in which he was held by all . . . he had been a friend to all, and in time of peril the protection of the May Street refuge was open to all without distinction of class or creed. The bell of the nearest Roman Catholic church was solemnly tolled at the time of the funeral . . .

"I am sure that he would desire no better epitaph than Leigh Hunt's famous line expressing the wish of

'Abou Ben Adhem:'

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

Of the author, the Rev. Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, Dr. Bradley has previously mentioned to our readers that he writes the lead editorial for the Belfast Telegraph every Saturday morning. This paper comes to Dr. Bradley's Study every week and is a "must" in his weekly reading.

Perhaps we of the Peoples Church, who bask in the aura of Dr. Bradley's personality will relish this life of Dr. Wylie Blue more than most. Certainly the writer felt a great enjoyment and understanding of this charming pulpiteer. There are photographs of the churches in which he served and of Dr. Blue as a young man and a later picture of him in his robe—a very vigorous and dynamic figure.

The book is published by James Clarke & Co., Ltd., 33 Store Street, London, W.C. 1, England, 10s. 6d. net. Dr. Bradley's copy bears the autograph of the author—

"To Dr. Preston Bradley,
in love and friendship,
from the author,
D. Frazer-Hurst."

* * *

Dr. Bradley brought to the Study one day five little paper covered pocket books published by the Association Press, an Association Press Reflection Book. These are neat little volumes sold at 50c. Here are the titles of the five mentioned: *Denominations—How We Got Them; The Bible When You Need It Most; Religion and Health; Questions and Answers on Religion;* and *Ten Makers of Modern Protestant Thought. Denominations: How We Got Them* is by Stanley I. Stuber, who has condensed and revised his widely praised and widely studied book, "How We Got Our Denominations." Among the churches whose stories are reported are: Baptist, Christian, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Quaker, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, United Church of Christ, and Universalist. Mr. Stuber is the author of "Primer on Roman Catholicism for Protestants."

The Bible When You Need It Most, is by T. Otto Nall, editor of the New Christian Advocate, and is intended as a help for every crucial moment in your life; when you feel "Abandoned" by God, when you are Angry; and has chapter headings such as: Careless Words—Death—Drinking—Escape—"Fate"—Fear—Forgiveness—Greatness—and 20 other headings. Each chapter has a scriptural reference and a meditation on the subject.

Religion and Health, is edited by Simon Doniger, Ph.D., editor of *Pastoral Psychology,* who has selected and edited discussions which first appeared in that magazine. They show how the disunion of body, mind and spirit gives rise to illness; the relation of religion and health; what we can expect from prayer; what we know about healing through faith; and how the Bible brings us a message that can heal minds sick with the anxiety of our age.

Questions and Answers on Religion is by Jack Finegan, and covers those questions most often asked by adults and youth. In the Christian Century, Dr. W. E. Garrison called Jack Finegan "one of the most zestful writers on the practical problems of everyday living." Out of his background as Christian archeologist and biblical interpreter, Dr. Finegan, with rare ability, gives down-to-earth, sound, and satisfying replies to those frequent questions. The book answers 40 questions and the headings under which these are answered cover five divisions: God; Jesus Christ; the Bible; the Church; and Immortality.

Ten Makers of Modern Protestant Thought is intended to help us understand the ideas of these shapers of our faith: Karl Barth, Emil Brunner, Martin Buber, Rudolph Bultmann, Soren Kierkegaard, Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Rauschenbusch, Albert Schweitzer, William Temple and Paul Tillich. George L. Hunt, editor of Crossroads Magazine, author of "Rediscovering the Church," introduces the reader to The Men and the Movements. The article on each of the ten men is then written by ten different writers. Ministers have without doubt been influenced by at least one of these men.

The Reflection Books are published by Association Press.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE other day Dr. Bradley received a letter from a small town in Illinois which read: "One of my friends chanced upon one of your sermons, broadcast from a Chicago station recently and liked it. Unfortunately, as she is 83, she forgot what Chicago radio station it was, its frequency, and the hour of the broadcast! Will you kindly tell me these pertinent facts? Also, are any of your broadcast sermons of the past printed for distribution by mail, either free or for a price?"

We answered the letter immediately and sent one of our Liberalists for the current month, marking the list of radio stations.

* * *

With this issue of The Liberalist we start our 35th year of its publication. In Dr. Bradley's Study there is a row of 34 Volumes of the Liberalist, neatly bound in red cloth covers. In the church office there is another set. Turning to the first volume one will find that it was then called "The Liberal," and that the first volume carried a picture of The Pantheon Theatre, where the services were then being held, on Sheridan Road near Wilson Avenue. As we thumb through this first volume, we note that the covers contained a short poem, centered on the page. Then for a time the Contents was listed on the front cover. The one for October, 1924, carried this listing:

CONTENTS

A Sunday in The Old Home Church.
Why Go to Church?
The Future of Fosdick.
The Glory of the Commonplace.
Book Chats.
"Reality in Religion"—A Sermon.
Home Again.
The Woman's Club Activities.
News of the Temple Club.
Church News.

While I was still thumbing through this first volume of "The Liberal," I opened to the September number and came across the notice of the first Sunday broadcast of the services from the Pantheon Theatre. I quote: "The services of The Peoples Church will be radiocast this year by Station WQJ

(448 meters). This is one of the outstanding stations of the country and is heard throughout the United States and Canada. The services will begin at 10:30 Central time. The Board of Trustees has engaged the services of the Dean of American Organists to play for the coming year—Mr. Clarence Eddy."

With the May number of 1930 the name "Liberal" was changed to "Liberalist," by which name it has been known ever since. Then in Volume 18, April, 1941 to March, 1942, the last issue in that volume, the March issue, an opportunity arose to present it in an entirely new format. Previously the price of the magazine had been 10c a copy. With the lovelier format and nicer quality of paper it became necessary to raise the price to 15c a copy, or $1.50 a year. One more price raise became necessary, later on, as costs of paper rose, and for several years now the price has remained the same, 20c a copy or $2 for twelve months' subscription.

It is interesting to look through some of the back issues, because these volumes furnish a very fine history of the progress of the church.

* * *

When I take my mail from the mail box each night and note the number of ads the mail contains for magazines and other reading matter, I begin to realize how little advertising our "Liberalist" receives and I wonder if we church members are not all of us remiss in talking about this product of our own church. Do you ever mention the magazine to another member and inquire whether they are receiving it or not? Do I do this very often? Do you ever think of it when searching for an idea for an inexpensive little remembrance for a friend who may be ill or temporarily shut in from contact with friends? I am thinking now of a friend of mine who is in Florida most of the year, and who, nearly every time she writes, mentions "The Liberalist," and how she reads it from cover to cover, and sometimes reads parts of it more than once.

Let us think about spreading this fine contact with the church among our friends. Let us put it on our list of possible gifts for friends. One sends flowers or some other material gift which is but for a few days and then its influence has entirely left the friend; but a subscription to "The Liberalist" lingers on for twelve months, twelve gifts in one for only $2, and a continuing reminder of your friendship throughout the year. When thinking about an Easter remembrance —something a bit more than a mere Easter card, do take out a subscription to "The Liberalist" and support our magazine in a realistic manner. Let us celebrate the Easter season with a veritable shower of April Liberalists dropping gently into the hands of so many of our friends that The Peoples Church will bring a glow of refreshment into many, many lives.

Dr. Bradley is certainly working hard with programs over five stations carrying inspiration over the air-waves. Let us each work a little harder carrying this written word from our church out to a network of our friends. If each member took out one subscription for just one friend, what an increase in circulation we would have! Results come only when we work for them. A definite goal of every member subscribing for a friend will bring marvelous results! Please set yourself a goal of at least one subscription for Easter!

* * *

I am writing these words on March 12th, as we approach St. Patrick's

Day. In the mail this morning Dr. Bradley received from a dear little family in Cobh, Ireland, a St. Patrick's card signed by Michael, Teressa, Anne, Jimmie, Richard, and the parents, Jimmie and Breda. Printed on the card was

ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

I rise today with
The Power of God to guide me,
The Wisdom of God to teach me,
The Might of God to uphold me,
The Eye of God to watch for me,
The Ear of God to listen for me,
The Word of God to give me speech,
The Hand of God to protect me,
The Shield of God to shelter me,
The Way of God to lie out before me,
The Hosts of God to defend me.

Enclosed inside the double-fold card was a generous cluster of shamrock, wrapped carefully in cellophane. Dr. Bradley gave an appreciative chuckle as he saw the shamrock.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's TV program on WGN is bringing in a very interesting response. There is one especial pleasure always, as he hears from former listeners, many from out of town:

Dear Dr. Bradley: Again your voice has come over the air, bringing us inspiration and wisdom. I am so grateful to your sponsors for being so alert to the need of all mankind for this loving message.

You may not remember me, Dr. Bradley, but through your appeal I took the ——— children while an adjustment was made in their home. It blessed me. God bless you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. P. Sanchez, Gary, Ind.

(We have purposely left out the name of the family from which the children came.)

* * *

A Wisconsin listener from "some years back" writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley: I saw your TV program Saturday evening, Feb. 15, 1958, and enjoyed it more than words can express. The meat in the talk is indescribable.

I am wondering if any of your talks are going to be available in printed form, like you had some years back. I would be happy to pay a fee for any of the talks available. I would greatly appreciate receiving a copy of the message you gave on "Sacrifice," Sat., Feb. 15.

It will indeed be a pleasure to hear from you. Thank you and God bless you.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. Llewellyn Williams.

* * *

This gentleman appreciates something to off-set the boisterous programs:

Dormeyer Corp.: Gentlemen, may I compliment you on your sponsorship of "Dr. Bradley Speaks." It is a pleasant interlude from the inane and boisterous programming offered the viewing public on Saturday night.

I am sure the success of this program will become increasingly evident to you as more people learn of it and show their appreciation to a sponsor of sound judgment.

Sincerely yours,
Harold E. Morris.

* * *

People do appreciate being appreciated and being understood as this letter shows:

Dear Dr. Bradley: I just had to write a few lines to thank you in my humble way, for the lift in spirit you gave us with your television speech of Saturday night. I am a young Catholic homemaker, American born of Polish descent. The words of tribute you paid Poland were the sweetest words to my

ears. The Poles, as you undoubtedly know, on the whole are honest, hard-working people, yet they get so little recognition; and in going back to my grandparents and great-grandparents, they have never, for any length of time, enjoyed a free Poland. Again I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generous words about Poland.

We enjoy listening to your program very much and I pray that God be generous to you, with good health and long life, so that you can go on with your wonderful work.

May God bless you and keep you in his loving care.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. Wiszowaty.

* * *

Here is a definite example given of help received through the inspiration of a broadcast. So many receive inspiration and good from fine radio and TV programs, yet never think of acknowledging that good, and thus encouraging the inspirer. Appreciation is the "plus" of life, over and above any other kind of compensation:

Dear Dr. Bradley: Your talk on TV tonight has accomplished something for me that I could not do for myself.

Last July I lost everything I had in the world—my wife. And since the time of her passing away I have had great difficulty in getting over my loss. Her sisters and other relatives have always been very kind and close to me, which would indicate we led a very happy life together for close to 40 years.

Tonight I did not have my television on. However, I was looking for a program I thought I would like, and I noticed your name. You were always a favorite of both my wife and myself, so I turned the set on about 9:30 so I would not miss you. The point I am trying to bring out here is that most of the things we do are influenced by someone we love, even though that one has since departed.

You were not half through your talk when a thought flashed through my mind which I believe may well solve my troubled state.

I will dedicate my future to her memory, by doing something for some unfortunate children, and assume she is doing the kind deed, which she would like to do; and in this way I will find happiness and contentment in doing things in her place, and she would be very happy about that.

Thank you, Dr. Bradley, and I will be looking forward to next Saturday night.

Yours truly,
Edward M. Buckley.

* * *

We quote from a letter of Philip Rouda, Vice-President of Bozell & Jacobs, Inc., of Chicago:

"We are still hearing comments on the excellence of the luncheon last week at the Radio-Television Workshop for Rabbis.

"A new project such as this certainly received added impetus through the splendid expression of your own experience, plus the fine example of inter-faith co-operation."

* * *

Dr. Bradley very recently officiated at the funeral service for Miss Mollie Stickney, whose body was brought here from California. Our readers will of course recall that her father, Mr. William M. Stickney, was for so many years President of the Board of Trustees of the Church. Mrs. O. N. Naylor, of the Woman's Club, was a close friend of Miss Stickney's and gave to Dr. Bradley a little verse which Miss Stickney had written and sent to Mrs.

Naylor. Dr. Bradley read it at the funeral service and liked it so much that we publish it here that you, too, may appreciate it:

My friends are little lamps to me;
Their radiance warms and cheers my ways;
And all the pathways dark and lone
Are brightened by their rays.
I try to keep them bright by faith
And never let them dim with doubt;
For every time I lose a friend
A little lamp goes out.

Miss Stickney has carried her lamp to a farther shore and her friends will miss her; but they will be cheered to read how their friendship lighted a lonely way for her, for she suffered a long time and made a very brave struggle.

* * *

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Do you know how well you spoke yesterday at the library? That address was well worth the large audience which had gathered to pay tribute to you. It was also worth recording for the benefit of the deaf, dumb and blind legislators heading this Government in its severely trying days. I have repeated extracts of it to a half dozen people already and I will be continuing to do so for days to come. What everybody, at least every thinking person, now knows, you put into such strong, concise form, in such determined phrasing as not to be forgotten. I thank you for the privilege of having heard it!

With cordial greetings to you and Mrs. Bradley, believe me to be, as always,

Devotedly yours,
Jennie Purvin,
Board of Directors,
Chicago Public Library

* * *

Our hard-working choir deserves a great deal of credit for its faithfulness during the months in which they have taken part in "Words and Music," the 7:30 a.m. WBBM broadcast, which has meant many additional hours of practice. Added to this is the news in the following letter from our Choir Director, Mr. Bennett:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I thought you might like to know that our choir gave a concert last Friday, from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m., at the Chicago Hospital on West Irving Park Boulevard, under the auspices of the Red Cross Society. After the concert we all went to our home, had refreshments, then had a good three-quarters of an hour rehearsal on our coming Good Friday and Easter programs. As you have said, we want to fill our choir loft for the Easter service.

Mrs. Bennett wants this small check to apply toward the plastering project.

Sincerely,
Frank L. Bennett.

* * *

The following is taken from a letter to Dr. Bradley, written by Warden Sain, of the House of Correction:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Saturday night found me before my television eagerly awaiting your broadcast. It was superb! Your words of encouragement (and no one can speak as you do) to the countless people who are so troubled and worried about conditions in the world today, were most timely and helpful. Your words of inspiration will be long remembered. I felt that you spoke directly to ME and I know that all who listened to you felt the same way. You always have reached the hearts of people, and you were never better than you were Saturday night. May the program go on and on and on.

Sincerely,
Frank G. Sain.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—Address, Freeport Woman's Club, Masonic Auditorium, Freeport, Illinois.
Opening TV program, WGN-TV-9.

2—Radio Broadcast, WBBM.
Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
A christening.
Broadcast WAIT.
Address. Annual Breakfast, Swedish Club.
Broadcast WCFL.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast WKFM.

3—Worked in Study.
Attended Dinner at LaSalle Hotel, given by University of Chicago. Conference on "Religion and the Atomic Age.

4—Cut three records, WCFL.
Funeral.

5—Wedding.
Conference. WGN-TV.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

6—Opening Lecture. Chicago Public Library.

7—Worked in Study.

8—Funeral.
Cut record, WBBM.
Address, "Dr. Bradley Speaks" Program, WGN-TV-9.

9—Broadcast, "Words and Music," WBBM.
Morning sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WAIT.
Broadcast, WCFL.
Play, "The Bloody Tenet". Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WSEL.

10—Worked in Study.
Kungsholm, judging Chicago Community Theatre Insignia Contest.
Address. Chicago Literary Club. "Eagle Remembered."

12—Funeral.
Address. Lincoln Night, Kiwanis Club of Edgebrook.
Address. Suburban Lodge, B'nai Brith, North Shore Congregation, Glencoe.

13—Lecture, Chicago Public Library.
Funeral.

14—Address. Woman's City Club, Detroit, Michigan. Reception and luncheon.

15—Cut record, WBBM.
TV Broadcast, WGN-TV-9.

16—WBBM "Words and Music."
Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast Church Service. WAIT.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast Church Service, WSEL.

18—Address. Ontario Association of Real Estate Boards. Royal Connaught Hotel.

19—Opening Address, Lenten Series. Peoples Church.

20—Address, Chicago Public Library.
Address, Lincolnwood B'nai Brith.

21—Cut record WSEL on Washington.
Cut record WBBM.
Address, Chicago Conference for Brotherhood.

22—Funeral.
Wedding.
TV Broadcast, WGN-TV-9. Interviewed T. Manuel Smith, the great heart specialist.

23—Radio Broadcast, WBBM.
Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Radio Broadcast, WAIT.
Radio Broadcast, WCFL.
Brotherhood Service, Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WSEL.

24—Funeral.
Address, Ad Post, American Legion.

25—Conference call.
Address, PTA, Temple Sholom Auditorium.

26—Lenten Vesper Service, Peoples Church.

27—Two funerals.
Lecture, Chicago Public Library.
Citizens Committee, University of Illinois, University Club.

28—Cut records, WCFL.
Address. Peoples Church School Dinner.

FUNERALS

4—Florence S. Juyl
8—William C. Austin
12—Grace Chladek
13—Nels Linnberg
22—Edward Ebert
24—Alfred W. Taylor
27—Alyce A. Caesar
Byron O. Jones

WEDDINGS

5—Juanita Strange and Edward Maxwell Miller
22—Marie M. Solberg and Laurence Pharher

CHRISTENINGS

2—Linda Sue Haehlen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haehlen

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, WBBM, "Words and Music"
Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet ..... 7:30 a.m.
Choir rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
Children over 10, 10 a.m.; children under ten years ..... 10:45 a.m.
Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday morning service broadcast, WAIT ..... 1:00 p.m.
I.A.H. Club (High School group) every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults), every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
Sunday morning service broadcast, WSEL (104.3 FM) ..... 9:00 p.m.
Closing Wednesday evening Lenten service, April 2nd ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club, Monday, April 7. Reciprocity and International Relations Day. Chairman, Mrs. C. C. Craig; co-chairman, Mrs. L. E. McCloy. Guest speaker, Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, whose subject is "Russia, as I Saw It," with colored slides and sound film. Hostesses: Mrs. L. H. Hangel, Mrs. Henry Mehrle, Mrs. Fred Herrmann ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, April 21, Election of Officers ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, May 5, Spring Luncheon ..... 12:30 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, April 13, Anderson Hall, presenting Charlene Kolmay, representing Radelle Hair Grooming and Hair Styling Co., in a demonstration lecture. Hostesses, Jane Jones, Marjorie Carlson and Maude E. Walsh ..... 4:00 p.m.
Tuesday, May 6th, Annual Spring Dinner, Lewis Towers; Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley ..... 6:00 p.m.
Men's Club, April 22nd, Anderson Hall, Open Meeting. Judge B. Fain Tucker, Chicago's only woman Judge; "Experiences in the Divorce Court." ..... 8:00 p.m.
Couples Club meets 3rd Tuesday in Anderson Hall, April 15, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"— Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir ..... 7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Church Service Broadcast ..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
WSEL (104.3 FM)—Church Service Broadcast ..... 9:00 p.m.

WGN-TV, Channel 9, every Saturday (Dr. Bradley) ..... 10:00 p.m.
WEAW (105 FM) "Candletime" every night except Sunday, Virgil A. Kraft ..... 11:55 p.m.

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